

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Tommy Brings In the Miners' Leaders to See the Elder Barclay.

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies, at her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 16 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Astor docks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they hide in the mountains. Later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York. There he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of a white slave, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns home he finds Tommy in his own house. Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overrules her. She is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just as this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Banker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a coterie of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the collieries.

### EIGHTH EPISODE.

The account which Celestia gave of the ball had less to do with dancing.

"The dancing isn't winking at all," she told the Douglas. "It's innocent, and graceful, and good natured. And the people. They aren't wicked either. They are just like any other people, only they've got more money. It's a great blessing. Some day everybody will have money. And all the people I talked to were kind people, who want to do good, and make other people happy, and don't care how to get about it. But we are going to show them, aren't we? Freddie was so good! They said he was the best dancer there. He dances a little differently, but better. They all said that. And if only you could have seen the flowers! Mrs. MacAdam gave me these roses to bring to you. The house didn't have walls and wall paper. It was all mirrors and flowers and palm trees!"

Celestia sighed and then laughed at herself for sighing.

"Where's Freddie?" she asked. "Is he still sleeping? I'm going to talk to the typewriter's union, and then I am to meet and talk with some of the independent

Workers of the World. And then I am to have lunch with the bishop of New York. And then, my dears, I'm going to leave you for a while. I'm to go out to Pennsylvania where there is a terrible strike, and nobody with listen to anybody. But I'll be back before you know it."

She kissed Mrs. Douglas and hurried out. Celestia was almost always in a hurry now.

Nellie was waiting for her in the hall.

"Are you really going to Bitumen, Celestia?"

"Yes, really."

"I thought you might like to know that Mr. Barclay is already there."

During his search for work Tommy Barclay returned once to the house where he had lived so long in such luxury to get together a few of his personal belongings. But no more than could be carried in a couple of dress suit cases. From this visit he brought away clothes he required, a picture of his mother, and one, much faded, of the little Amesbury girl. His evening clothes, his black pearl stud, his tennis and polo cups, everything indeed of real value that belonged to him he left behind. It was his intention to enter the ranks of labor, on an equality with other laborers, and by dint

of sheer determination to work his way up until he should be in a position to support the girl of his choice.

Still, when he had refused the old butler's offer of the savings of half a life time, and heard the doors of the solid old mansion close behind him for perhaps the last time, a lump rose in Tommy's throat, and he went down the steps on feet which already seemed to have lost their buoyancy.

A suit case in each hand, he was turning toward the east side, when he was accosted familiarly, though respectfully enough, by a youngish man in a brand new and very ill-fitting suit of blue serge.

"Are you Mr. Barclay?" asked this one, and, at Tommy's assurance that he was, he jerked his thumb toward a companion and said, "I'm Carson. This is Cracowitz. Tommy bowed as politely as to the president of the United States and the secretary of the navy, and said:

"What can I do for you gentlemen?"

"Gordon Barclay won't see it," began Carson, but Tommy interrupted a little astutely:

"Mr. Barclay won't see you?" he said. "Are you the Carson and Cracowitz who

had been figuring lately in Western Pennsylvania?"

"We are," said Carson, and Cracowitz nodded vehemently. "Mr. Barclay," Carson went on, "ought to see us, and if you are Mr. Barclay you can get him to."

"Why ought he to see you?"

"For his own good and ours. We can't do anything with old man Kehr. He's for a fight to the finish. It doesn't matter about us men, but how about the women and children? How about them, Mr. Barclay?"

"Oh, I am on their side always," said Tommy.

"Then you'll fix it so that we can see Mr. Barclay?"

"Mr. Carson," said Tommy, "were you ever stone broker?"

The question shocked Mr. Carson into admitting he never had been.

"Well," said Tommy, for the first time smiling, "I am. Mr. Barclay has turned me off without a cent and has disinherited me besides. That shows how much influence I have with him. But I can tell you this about him. If he has said that he won't see you, he won't."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Man Is Often More Refined Than Woman

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Winter, though rude, is delicate in art. More delicate than Summer or than Fall. (Even an ruffled man is more refined in vital things than woman.) Winter's touch.

On nature seems most beautiful of all. That evanescent beauty of the frost on windowpanes, of clean, fresh fallen snow.

Or white, white sunlight on the leoparded trees.

Winter, though rude is delicate in art. From a poem entitled "Beauty," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the March Cosmopolitan.

A lady has written to the writer of the above lines saying, "Will you kindly explain the meaning of the first four lines of this poem?"

The explanation follows:

Despite the generally accepted idea that women are more delicate, modest and refined in their nature than men, observations of men and women as they exist all about us must lead the analytical and discriminating person to question this prevailing impression.

Woman's idea of modesty seems to be very much of a theory and is not illustrated by her conduct or her dress. The exhibitions of immodesty in dress which one sees in every drawing room, in every hall room, on the street, at lectures, and at homes, are appalling to most men. The American husband, who is the most liberal minded being on earth, sometimes makes feeble objections, but usually ends by accepting the statement of wife and daughters that they must follow the fashions if they would not be considered quite out of the world.

Yet one who understands human nature to any extent sees plainly that these men are made uncomfortable and unhappy by the lack of modesty which their womenfolk display in the revealing of their anatomy to the gaze of the populace.

A man is such a peculiarly complicated being that he will pay compliments to other men's wives and daughters on their beauty and attractiveness while in his own mind he is thinking that he would be inexpressibly mortified were his own wife or daughter to appear similarly costumed.

Men have a much higher ideal of modest behavior for women than women have for themselves. While a man's vanity and self-conceit are flattered by having a woman call him up on the telephone and make arrangements for his entertainment, he is in his heart disillusioned, and his ideal of the woman is lowered.

A man likes to be the aggressor in all these matters; a man likes to be the one who seeks; he would rather urge and find the woman coy; he would prefer to wait a bit for an answer to his letter than to have her write too promptly and seem too eager for further epistles from him.

In all these matters of vital import (for what is of more vital import in life than the relations of men and women) man has the more delicate and refined ideals.

A young man came back to New York from a five years' absence in foreign lands. He recently expressed himself on the astounding change he had ob-

served in the manners of New York young women. Where of old it had been his pleasure and privilege to seek the society of the fair sex and to write or telephone and ask permission to call, to drive, or to escort ladies to places of entertainment, he now finds himself forestalled by young ladies who themselves take the initiative. He finds also an increasing tendency on the part of young women, single and married, to tell racy stories and to verge on the indiscreet in their language.

A youth in his senior year in college was taken away and sent traveling for a year by a wise mother in order to save him from the pursuit of young women who overworked the telephone and the postoffice service in their endeavors to distract the young man from his studies.

A man who had traveled extensively in many lands, and who happened to be a type attractive to women, declares the Christian women in all civilized lands to be the most immodest and indelicate of all women on earth. "It seems to be a mania with women," he said, "to be noticed, to be in the limelight, and to attract the attention of men, no matter in what way or through what method."

There are shining and beautiful exceptions, of course, but every man who is much in society, who attends dinners, dances, theaters and operas, or who visits the summer and winter resorts of America, know the truth of this statement; that men, rough, coarse and rude as they are supposed to be, are continually astounded, shocked and disillusioned by the conduct and language of women who have the advantages of education and culture and the shelter of good homes.

This is the explanation of the lines quoted above.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Tell Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a girl for two years, during which time I have taken her out to many places, always with either her sister or brother.

I love the girl and have every reason to believe she loves me. But on \$25 per month I cannot provide a comfortable home.

I now feel that I have taken up too much of her time.

CONSTANT DECLARATION

You owe the girl a frank declaration of your feelings and circumstances as well. Since you have come into her life and made her care for you, you must not hurt her by dropping her without explanation. When she knows your financial condition and future possibilities she will be in a position to help you work out your problem—which is hers as well.

Ask Him to Call.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a girl to ask a young man, when he takes her home from a dance or party, to call on her, or should the young man ask if he can call? If the young man asks to call on the girl for the first time, is it the girl's duty to invite him to her home the second time or is it his duty to ask again?

E. H.

When a man escorts a girl home, he has made an effort to establish friendly relations. After that it is her place to offer him the courtesy of her home. Once she has asked him to call, he knows he is welcome—but it is never amiss to say to any guest, "I shall be glad to see you again." There is no reason why girls should not be as courteous to men as to other girls.

## A Square Deal for Husbands

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"It's a man's world!" says the average woman, with a saucy flirt of her skirts and proceeds to disprove her assertion. It's everybody's world—and the spirit of fair play and chivalry and of age-old desire to protect those he cares for makes it a particularly pleasant place for women—unless these foolish sisters choose to cast in their lots with brutes instead of men, and from this point of disadvantage to arraign forevermore all manhood.

Any woman who marries a sane, decent, hard-working, law-abiding, moral citizen can have a happy marriage if she chooses to make it so. The atmosphere of the home is the wife's business even as the pay envelope is the husband's. The wife who works out and helps support the household owes it a little extra attention, too.

If you can earn \$20 a week, madam, and so on afford to hire a \$5 cook to do the work you find unessential, it is at least up to you to see that you have a good cook.

Most men are little boys. And as such they like to be petted a bit and coaxed into amiability with goodies and kind words. They don't like to be nagged at or to be urged into doing things they find hopelessly unessential.

Men cannot understand the awe-struck attitude of their women folk over "What will people say?" No sane man would dream of going off to the country, or working in hot, stuffy bedrooms for three weeks in order to impress the Smiths and Browns with his social position as one who was affluent enough to take a summer outing.

And yet his women folk pester and nag at him until he does it better—and with very bad grace because of the savings it wastes and the extra work and worry it means. And then they judge him as a stinky old tyrant and feel abused. The really abused person is the poor "tyrant."

Men are not orderly beings. They fling the ten sections of the Sunday newspaper all about the living room and scatter cigar ashes about the carpets and ornaments. There is no object in gossling them to fury by cold remarks as to how hard you work to make their home attractive. They just naturally scatter cigar ashes and Sunday supplements, even as you drop occasional hairpins and handkerchiefs.

But men are clean creatures. They don't straggle frowns about the home in down-at-the-heel slippers and torn and soiled garments. The woman who is so busy saving her clothes for "the stranger within her gates" that she habitually appears before her husband in torn kimonos may defend herself by complaining that John goes unshaven half the time.

Well—what's sauce for the gander is often sauce for the goose! John may have appeared unshaven before Mary in their courtship days, and Mary accepted his excuse that it made his face sore to shave every day. But John never saw Mary in a kimono that was six months away from its last sojourn with the wash-tub.

If he had, there would have been no wedding bells for Mary—for men are born beauty worshippers. And women marry them knowing this—and calmly proceed to deprive them of beauty in everyday life and then to wonder why they wander afield seeking the loveliness that friend wife supplied when she was only "friend."

Kindness, encouragement, sympathy—these are what the average man craves. He marries for them—and love in its first glow. And the glow of love would keep on a-glimmering if only women were less remiss about supplying the kindness, encouragement and sympathy that the little boy who is a husband, too, wants!

# The world's best music is no farther from you than the Victrola

It places at your command the art of the greatest singers and musicians.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$250—at all Victor dealers.

Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden, N. J.



July Records Now on Sale, the best list in many months. Step into any Victor Store and hear that latest hit, "My Little Dream Girl." Record No. 17789.

## Schmoller & Mueller PIANO COMPANY

1311-1313 Farnam St. Omaha, Neb. Hear the Newest Records in Our Newly Remodeled Sound-Proof Demonstrating Rooms on the Main Floor.

Branch at 334 BROADWAY Council Bluffs. Nebraska Cycle Co. Corner 15th and Harney, Omaha. Geo. E. Mickel, Mgr.

## Victrolas Sold by A. HOSPE CO.,

1513-15 Douglas Street, Omaha, and 407 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Brandeis Stores Talking Machine Department in the Pompeian Room



Victrola XVI, \$200 Mahogany or oak